

THE GREAT MOTOR RACE.

TERRIBLE EXPERIENCES OF COMPETITORS.

SIGNOR ANTONIO SPARAGRASSO, who is in charge of the Tutti-Frutti car in the New York to Paris motor race, sends us the following appalling account of the sufferings endured by himself and his companions during the first stages of their journey across the American continent. Afflicting as were the privations of the occupants of the Züst car (see the account in *The Daily Mail* of Feb. 26th), those of the Tutti-Frutti party were infinitely more distressing, as will be seen from the following narrative:—

Toshville (Mo.), Friday.

We reach the city of Tipperusalem after Herculean toil and labour. But we cannot stay. The inhabitants rush towards us with grotesque gestures, offering us Tipperusalem artichokes and other local delicacies. But we rush along at great speed past walls of stone and even brick. We see behind windows men who smile and women who weep. We flash past Ithaca, Griggsville, Pekin, Njini Novgorod, and Buster's Gulch, and once more find ourselves in the all-embracing arms of the boundless blizzard. The trees are again in convulsions, but the car goes on. The snow grows deeper and deeper. Our limbs are petrified, our noses are unconscious, our brains and our skulls are numb. The prairie hens hover over us with mocking cries. Gigantic pickerels menace our progress. Our supply of petroleum is exhausted, and if it were not for the opportune discovery of a dead whale on the shores of the Great Salt Lake, which enabled us to replenish our tanks with spermaceti, further progress would have been impossible. . . . In the night we are held up by Chipmunk Indians, but are rescued by a timely diversion created by a stampede of buffaloes. With the dawn the snowstorm grows in intensity and volume. Every ten minutes we have to get out and excavate a path for the car, but after several hours of exhausting labour the wheels refuse to go round. The car is smothered in snow, and finally overturns in a disused quarry forty feet deep. No one is killed, but the situation is desperate. Our strength is exhausted, and we wait for assistance. . . . It comes in the shape of a herd of Mexican mustangs, who haul our car out of its snowy mausoleum. . . . A crowd gathers round, and an old man with snow-white chevelure watches



Vicar. "WELL, MARY, I WAS VERY SURPRISED TO SEE JOHN WALK OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SERMON YESTERDAY!"

Mary. "AH, SIE, I DO 'OPE YOU'LL EXCUSE MY POOR 'USBAND. 'E'S A TERRIBLE ONE FOR WALKIN' IN 'IS SLEEP."

us eagerly. He is an Italian, an ice-cream seller from Cappella Bianca, who only vaguely remembers his mother tongue; but the sound of our voices brings back memories of his beloved fatherland. His heart is deeply stirred, and he weeps as we leave, observing in broken accents, "Pur d'esti, una voce, di tanti palpiti."

The temperature rises in the night, and crossing a ford on the Muskawash River, we run into a herd of musk-alligators. . . . Their shrieks are terrible, but some well-aimed back-firing puts them out of their pain. Two miles further on we run

over a sleeping bobolink, but our brains are too numb to realise the full purport of the mishap.

We travel on a road which has no meaning for us. We don't know where it starts; we don't care where it ends. On the sea of our wearied minds floats no desire of any kind. Not a movement is made, not a word is spoken. Eventually Arrigo Boito grasps the steering wheel. The car moves forward. We fall asleep, all but the indomitable Arrigo. Suddenly, through a mist of dreams. . .

[The rest of the message is so awful that we have been obliged to suppress it.]

TO MR. REGINALD MCKENNA.

(With the felicitations of a Cambridge contemporary.)

[In contrast to the recent cry—"Too old at forty"—as applied to persons engaged in commercial enterprise, it is interesting to note that an evening paper, assuming the traditional attitude towards members of Parliament and the public services, describes Mr. REGINALD MCKENNA, who is in his forty-fifth year, as "a mere boy."]

YOUNG fellow, you who find your sphere

Amid the quaintly solemn strife

Where ancients in their seventieth year

Are deemed to touch the pink of life;

I marvel at your lofty station,

And how you learned sufficient lore

To run the country's education—

You, a mere chit of forty-four!

Some say you have a hardened mind,

Impervious to the means of grace;

You wield a sword, they say, designed

To scarify the Church's face;

To deal such knocks that none may mend her,

None readjust her riven nose;

I answer, "At an age so tender

He cannot be so bellicose!"

I take, indeed, the natural view

That what concerns the children's weal

Must make, to one so young as you,

Almost a personal appeal;

Who could be found more fit to pen a

Bill that should earn our infants' thanks

Than one who, like yourself, MCKENNA,

Is still aglow with Nurse's spanks?

And other thoughts would make me loth

To stamp your schemes as wholly vile;—

One Alma Mater reared us both,

We overlapped a little while;

One narrow path we used as neighbours,

Strolling with academic air

To our contemporaneous labours,

You to the Hall, and I to Clare.

Ah! in the eighties, ere the Game

Of Life began, I love to think

"We twa hae paidle" on the same

Turbid insanitary sink;

It warms my marrow like Spring-weather,

'Tis a new lease of careless joy;

Because, if we were up together,

I, too, must be the merest boy!

Delicious thought—that Father Time

Has run a rearward course, for then

We thought that we had reached our prime

And took the sobriquet of "men";

So murmur not "Eheu fugaces,"

Nor grieve to miss a vanished mane,

If Life has left such gentle traces

And brought our boyhood back again. O. S.

"He is particularly good at rooksters, rather a difficult shot."

The Australian Star.

It may not be generally known that a rocketing wallaby is always called a "rookster" in Australia.

"Wanted, smart boy, for lathering after school hours."

Gloucestershire Echo.

The schoolmaster's life appears to be like the musician's. When he is not actually at work he has to practise.

OUR CURIO COLUMN.

INTRODUCTORY.

EVERYBODY collects something nowadays—whether it is picture-postcards, railway-tickets, or merely Hokusai prints. It is the fashion to do so. Accordingly, Mr. Punch has decided to follow the example of other weekly periodicals and devote a certain portion of his space to the prevailing craze. Here are some useful

HINTS TO COLLECTORS.

It should always be borne in mind that, in collecting the china pomatum or anchovy-paste pot-lids which are being so much sought after by connoisseurs, by no means every lid is worth picking up. Such, for example, as are decorated with no other device but the words "Potted Prawn," or "Best Bear's Grease," are of little commercial or artistic value. On the other hand, one adorned with a transfer design in colour, representing the 1862 Exhibition, or Nelson, as a midshipman, attacking a Polar bear, may fetch more than an enamel by LEONARD LIMOUSIN or either of the PÉNICAUDS, for which the demand has considerably fallen off of late. A lid with pot complete, especially if it still contains bloater or shrimp paste, is seldom, if ever, a genuine antique. A circular frame of blue or crimson plush will form an admirable set-off for an example of this very beautiful ware.

Another Art production of the last century that has gone up enormously in value is the trophy of fruit realistically moulded in coloured wax under a glass shade of the period. One of these was recently knocked down at Christie's for the record figure of one thousand guineas! But, now that even the humblest dealers are finding out their value, it is becoming almost impossible to obtain one for a reasonable price. It is well to remember, too, that there is always the risk of being imposed upon by the spurious imitations that are being turned out by the gross. Several of these "fakes" have been acquired for large sums by American millionaires, though I regret to say that many undoubtedly originals have been allowed to leave the country. Never be persuaded to purchase a trophy of which every peach, plum, grape, etc., is intact. This is generally an indication that it is quite modern.

People of taste are taking more and more to decorate their sitting-rooms with the beautiful memorial cards, executed in white, black, and silver, which were formerly considered only fit to hang on the walls of cottage parlours. One very smart woman I know is the proud possessor of no fewer than a hundred of these charming works, many of them enriched with original poetry, which she has gradually amassed while motoring through country villages.

It seems singular that the claims of the old wool-work kettleholders of the Mid-Victorian age to be considered as serious Art should have been so long ignored, but they are now coming into their own at last. A friend of mine managed to secure quite a *chef d'œuvre* the other day—with a kettle picked out in strong black on a scarlet ground, and the quaint device of "Put the — on"—for no more than a five-pound note! Fortunately, the dealer happened to be an exceptionally ignorant and unsophisticated old woman. These kettle-holders look lovely in an old Florentine gilt frame—or, better still, in one of ebony and tortoiseshell.

In old furniture nothing is more remarkable than the recent revolt against the hideous SHERATON, CHIPPEN-DALE and HEPPELWHITE designs, which have long been



“L'HOMME-ORCHESTRE.”

(Rt. Hon. H. H. Asquith.)



Lady (to caller). "YOU WON'T MIND MY GOING ON WITH MY WORK WHILE YOU'RE HERE, WILL YOU? THEN I SHAN'T FEEL I'M WASTING TIME!"

an eyesore to persons of any artistic sensibility, and the return to purer and loftier ideals. If you should be lucky enough to possess or inherit, for instance, such a treasure as a carved Swiss chair with a chamois inlaid on the back in ivory, and a musical box under the seat that will play the overture to *William Tell* when sat upon, don't on *any* account be induced to part with it. In another year or two it may be almost priceless.

The cult for Early-Victorian mahogany suites shows no signs of decreasing, though it is not everyone who is capable of appreciating the severe simplicity of their style. Only a day or two ago I was horrified to find that an acquaintance who had just obtained a sofa, six chairs, and two arms, in fine condition, was actually proposing to replace the lovely original horsehair by Louis XV. tapestry! I was only just in time to prevent such vandalism.

Next week I shall have something to say about worsted and crewel-work napkin rings, or "serviette-holders," which is, perhaps, the more refined term. Meanwhile I may observe that I shall always be happy to give my opinion on the value of any objects of Art or articles of *vertu* that may be forwarded to me for inspection. These (if marketable) will immediately be disposed of, to cover expenses. And now, as several readers have anticipated this column by writing already to ask for advice, I will conclude with a few

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BRUNNER MACD.—Your "British Fleet at anchor," if

in good condition, is of far greater value than you appear to realise. To cut it down as you suggest would render it practically worthless.

KEIR H.—The model of which you send a drawing, representing a "Car of Jaggernath, as used by British Commissioners and other Indian Civil Service officials when making a progress," is undoubtedly of native manufacture, but much too crudely coloured to possess the exaggerated value you attribute to it. Afraid you have been imposed upon.

T.B.C. (875, Oxford St.)—Your copy of "The Hustlersville (Ohio) Commercial Directory for 1895," uncut and in fair condition, should prove a very saleable lot. Why not make it the "Bargain for To-day" at 1s. 1d.? Or it might be given to the Poor.

G.B.S. (Savoy).—The articles you believe to be *bon-bonnières* are really cavalry holsters of a pattern sealed for the Bulgarian or Servian Army any time within the last thirty years. The chocolate-cream found in one of them, however, is an unmistakable antique.

H.C. (Greeba Castle).—The deal writing-slope on which the cheap popular edition of *The Bondman* was composed is not of any special value. I should leave it to the nation. Or else give it to the Poor.

F. A.

"The short hole, a mashie pitch, is a favourite with nearly all golfers. In length it measures 5,500 yards."—*Manchester Guardian*.

Probably the last half mile or so of this would be for the putt?

THE SMITH FAMILY.

INTERESTING MASS MEETING.

SENSATIONAL INTERRUPTIONS.

UPON the announcement in the public press that the history of the SMITH family was to form an episode of the Bury St. Edmund's pageant a mass meeting of the clan (or ilk) was called for Sunday afternoon last in Smithfield, at which most of the SMITHS in *Who's Who* were present, together with a large contingent from the Post Office Directory. The chair was taken by Mr. G. O. SMITH, the famous international, supported on the platform by Mr. AUBREY SMITH from the Garrick Theatre, Mr. TOM SMITH the cracker king, Mr. F. E. SMITH, K.C. (the new Tory humourist), and others.

Mr. G. O. SMITH, after congratulating the family on its numerosity—(laughter)—read a cablegram of encouragement from Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH, the Canadian Nestor, and then stated that the meeting had been called to ask for five worthy representatives of the family to be chosen from London for the Bury St. Edmund's revels. Would five JOHN SMITHS volunteer?

No sooner had Mr. SMITH uttered these words than fifty-three thousand eight hundred and twenty-four arms were raised. The counting having been accomplished, Mr. SMITH selected five and five understudies, and after thanking the remaining 53,814 JOHN SMITHS for their willingness and patriotism, sat down.

The rising of JEM SMITH, the ex-pugilist, was the signal for cheers. What he wished to say was let there be more pageants. (Cheers.) They were good things. (Cheers.)

Mr. REGINALD SMITH, K.C., the publisher, followed, but he had hardly begun his very interesting remarks when a procession headed by a very brass band entered Smithfield from the west, and approached the platform. They were (said the leader, Sir JAMES CRICTON-BROWNE) a deputation of the BROWN family, who had come to protest against so much attention being paid to the SMITHS. Among those present were BROWN, NEWLAND and LECLERC, BUSTER BROWN, and the Brown Dog. The SMITHS by an enormous majority refusing to hear the deputation, it moved off to Battersea, amid the derisive singing of *John Brown's Body*.

The Hon. W. F. D. SMITH, M.P., then rose. This was, he said, one of the great moments of his life. (Ap-

plause.) Never in a long public career did he remember to have seen such an intelligent audience. (Cheers.) With their permission he would read them a passage of the highest significance from the works of ADAM — (laughter) — SMITH. (Cat-calls.) Whether or not the speaker would have had his way no one knows, for at this moment there entered Smithfield from the east a second procession heralded by a blare of trumpets. On reaching the platform the leader explained that he was Sir ALFRED JONES, and he had come with other influential members of the JONES Family to adjust the balance. They claimed to be of equal importance with the SMITHS, and they objected to be left out in the cold. Where was their pageant? In other words, what was going to happen to JONES? Among those who supported Sir ALFRED were Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES, the dramatist, Mr. KENNEDY JONES, the Carmelite Street mystery man, Messrs. DICKENS and JONES, and the President of the Welsh Harp Cymric Bathing Club. A contingent of SMITH's newspaper boys having been told off to clear the square the original meeting was resumed.

Mr. F. E. SMITH, K.C., kept the vast concourse in roars of laughter by his droll quips and riddles, among the latter being the question, "When is a SMITH not a SMITH?" the sarcasm in the speaker's voice as he supplied the scathing reply, "When he's a SMYTHE," being something not easily forgotten by even the youngest there.

He was followed by the mayor of Ladysmith, happily in England at this juncture; but what that speaker said no one knew, for his voice was drowned by the fanfares blown by the trumpeters of the ROBINSONS, who at that moment entered Smithfield, thousands strong, from the north. Their leader, Dean ROBINSON from Westminster Abbey, was supported by a detachment of stalwart young livers-in from PETER ROBINSON's, by the Swiss family of that name, and representatives of ROBINSON CRUSOE from all the provincial pantomimes. A posse of blacksmiths, however, who had been brought to the meeting to deal with interruptors, fired them into Little Britain before you could say "Jack Robinson," and the proceedings were resumed.

The meeting terminated automatically when Mr. HORACE SMITH, the magistrate, rose to address it. Without waiting to hear the sentence the company stampeded in all directions.

A SONNET OF LEAP YEAR.

SHE:

"Whispers of Love." At last! This valse is mine.
Let's sit it out.

HE:

What! Don't you like the floor?
SHE:

There's something—someone that I like much more.

HE (nervously):

How well these rooms are lighted!
Aren't they fine?

SHE:

I know a pair of starry orbs that shine Even more brightly. Blue eyes I adore!

HE:

I wonder if you said the same before To other partners. Won't you have some wine?

SHE:

I want to ask for something else instead.

HE:

Take my advice. Don't make a bad faux pas

And touch that lemonade.

SHE:

How can you be So heartless? I am serious. Can't you see?

HE:

Well, what's your question?

SHE:

May I call you TED?

HE (escaping):
This is so sudden—I must ask Mamma!

LEGAL NOTE.

[A regrettably incident occurred during the luncheon interval in the Lord Chief Justice's Court. A dispute arose between two well-known King's Counsel, and those who were near declare that several blows were exchanged.]

THE elevation of Mr. SPARLING was not unexpected. Mr. Justice SPARLING, as we shall now have to call him, had long been marked out by his broken nose for preferment. He has literally fought his way to the front rank of his profession. His greatest triumph was gained in the famous Piffle Chancery action, which had been in and out of the courts for years. One morning he was met in the purlieus of the court by "the Pet of Paper Buildings," who was leading for the other side, and they agreed to "settle the case out of court." The "Pet" got the best of the first round; but in the second the "Darling"—as the new Justice is popularly called—knocked his opponent out, and within ten minutes a case that had occupied a whole decade had been decided for ever.

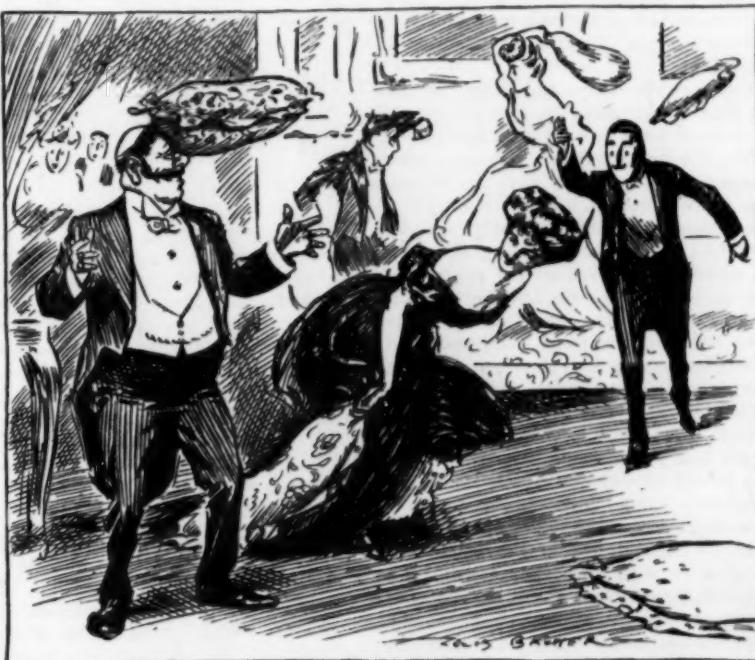
THE LATEST AUTOBIOGRAPHY;
OR, MORE MUSTARD LEAVES FROM
THE LIFE OF PAPA'S DAUGHTER.

I HAVE had a most eventful life, for as papa's daughter I naturally have met everyone at least once, and I have always made a point of summing them up very quickly and without any silly false sentiment. If you want that kind of thing it is quite useless to come to me for it; but if you want to see papa's friends during the past fifty years truthfully touched off, why, I am your authoress.

There is poor old SALA, for example, one of papa's oldest friends. I remember as if it were yesterday how SALA and his wife came to dinner one evening. Mr. SALA was talking to me in the inner drawing-room when BRET HARTE was announced. I noticed Mr. SALA start and look out eagerly into the other room; but, before he could move, papa came up with BRET HARTE, saying, "I want to introduce my old friend SALA to you, Mr. HARTE." SALA got up; but before anything else could be said, BRET HARTE looked straight at SALA, and remarked quite coolly, "Sorry to make unpleasant scenes, but I am not going to be introduced to that scoundrel." Imagine the sensation, if you can! Papa protested, and tried to make some sort of a *modus vivendi* between the two men, but it ended by poor SALA and his wife going into the little library, and waiting there until a cab could be fetched, and they left us without their dinner. Mr. BRET HARTE being the new friend and rather a lion, of course the old friend who had been insulted was the one to send away without dinner. But isn't it a nice story to tell the world, particularly as both Mr. SALA and Mr. BRET HARTE are dead?

I remember the present GERMAN EMPEROR only too well. As a child he came to papa's studio to be painted, and his conduct was simply awful. He was quiet at first, because he was picking the great cairngorm in the dirk handle and then casting it away; and I do not think that it was ever found—very likely it is in the German crown at this moment; then he began to fidget; his mother tried to hold him, and at last handed him over to his two uncles, LEOPOLD and ARTHUR, whose bare legs he bit, while they bore the pain like Stoics. I only hope they smacked him well when they got the little ruffian back to the Castle. I give this reminiscence because one

STUDIES IN TACT.



LORD A. IS STAYING AT A SMART COUNTRY HOUSE. ONE EVENING AFTER DINNER, WHEN THE GUESTS ARE THROWING SOFA CUSHIONS AT EACH OTHER, LORD A. HAS THE MISFORTUNE, INSTEAD OF CATCHING HIS HOSTESS ON THE HEAD AS HE INTENDED, TO HIT A GUEST WHO IS RATHER AN OUTSIDER. THE GUEST IS OBVIOUSLY DELIGHTED AT THE ATTENTION, BUT LORD A. DOES NOT WISH TO HURT THE GUEST'S FEELINGS BY SAYING THE BLOW WAS UNINTENTIONAL, AND AT THE SAME TIME, BEING VERY RICH, HAS NO NEED FOR HIS ACQUAINTANCE. WHAT SHOULD LORD A. DO?



THIS IS CLEARLY A CASE FOR IMMEDIATE AND DECIDED ACTION. THAT SORT OF PERSON SO EASILY GETS FAMILIAR. LORD A. SHOULD PROCEED TO THROW OTHER ARTICLES OF FURNITURE AT THE UNDESIRABLE GUEST, SELECTING HEAVIER AND HEAVIER PIECES UNTIL THE LOOK OF PLEASURE HAS ENTIRELY DEPARTED

should, I hold, set down everything; and of course it is not everyone who is in a position to describe with accuracy the extraordinarily bad behaviour of the GERMAN EMPEROR as a small boy. All authors, I consider, have a public duty, and then—where is papa's cairngorm?

One of papa's jokes was too splendid. We had a foreign teacher whom papa asked to sit for one of the figures in a new picture. The Signor objected—some think naturally enough; but he consented on papa's giving him a solemn promise not to reproduce his features. He did not see the picture until it was completed, and the day before it was to be exhibited, and then he nearly had a fit; it was he himself. Papa must paint it out, must alter it, and he raved and tore about the painting-room until papa gave him some sort of a promise that he would do what he could. But the picture went for exhibition untouched. The next Thursday came and no Signor, and so did the Thursday after with the same result, and at last mama went round to his poor lodging, which was in one of the narrow streets leading out of Soho. But the landlady could only tell her that the Signor had gone out as usual on the Tuesday, leaving all his goods and chattels about, and had never returned. From that day to this we have never heard the reason of his disappearance. I daresay he committed suicide; but wasn't it a good joke? Some people think that papa ought to have kept his word; but why should a great artist be bound in little petty ways like that? Besides, the man was only an Italian teacher. [And so on for far too many pages.]

"The fowl was brought into the court, and inspected by Mr. Biron, who stood at a respectful distance with his fingers to his nose."—*Evening News*.

The distance may have been "respectful," but surely not so the attitude.

The Journalistic Touch.

"To put the causes of the dispute into plain English, Leopold II. wants a substantial quid pro quo for the 'domaine de la couronne' which he is to lose."—*Daily Record*.

"Although it is perhaps too early to describe it as a silver lining to an industrial cloud, it at any rate puts the key in the lock."

The Scotsman.

Yet, after all, the tide is only in the bud, and it may be a wolf in sheep's clothing that will hatch out.

CHARIVARIA.

NEWS reaches us from a private source of the wonderful and satisfactory effect the Highlanders are having on the Zakha Khels. No sooner do the wild tribesmen catch sight of the skirted warriors than with a cry of "Look out—here come the Suffragettes!" they disappear as by magic.

While Germany is, on the whole, satisfied with the First Lord's statement on the Navy Estimates, exception is taken in some quarters to the refusal to make public the war plans which are alleged to be in the possession of the Admiralty. It is hoped that those who are desirous of maintaining the present good relations between Great Britain and Germany will press for the publication of these plans as a guarantee of good faith.

It has been decided by the Admiralty that the naval pigeon lofts at Portsmouth are to be abolished. It seems an unfortunate moment to choose for swelling the ranks of the unemployed.

"Good relations," says Count METTERNICH, "are a stronger protection than armies and fleets." This, of course, is not true of all good relations. Some of them are poor relations, and then they are often a source of great weakness and inconvenience.

The POPE has expressed his intention of presenting to the City of Venice the lion given to him by the EMPEROR MENELIK; but you are requested not to let the EMPEROR MENELIK know of this.

Some months ago Mr. MCKENNA declared that his Education Bill would be "not an olive branch but a sword." And now he thinks that, after all, it's an olive branch, and yet expects it to cut the Gordian knot. This shows a sanguine spirit.

Anti-Englanders do not, as a rule, find much in *The Daily Express* to please them, but they had the satisfaction last week of coming across the following sentence in an article on the Navy:—"What the Empire needs is destroyers."

A prominent Trades Unionist official has been ordered a month's holiday in order to rest his brain. It is while taking a rest of this sort that

so many members of our industrial classes write articles on Socialism.

An article published in *The Times* last week, entitled "Discovery of a Queen's Jewels at Thebes," has, we hear, led to a number of our smartest Dublin detectives leaving at once for that city, to pick up hints.

Sir WILLIAM BULL states that the lack of a tariff is ruining British monumental masons. While we are not so sure of the reason as Sir WILLIAM seems to be, we agree that our masons are not so monumental as they used to be, many of them being most puny specimens.

A gentleman who attempted to smuggle a small Pomeranian puppy into England in the breast pocket of his overcoat last week was detected through the dog's barking in the presence of a Customs officer. The gentleman was fined three pounds, and the dog was warmly complimented on its honesty.

One day last week Signor PIERANTONI boxed the ears of Signor MIRABELLI in the Italian Chamber, whereupon Signor MIRABELLI seized Signor PIERANTONI's whiskers and pulled them out by handfuls. A duel is to follow, and it is rumoured that Mr. FRANK RICHARDSON is hurrying out to Rome to act as Signor MIRABELLI's second.

Mr. HIRAM PERCY MAXIM has patented a noiseless rifle. The idea is a capital one, and there should be money in it. So many of us have hitherto been debarred from taking part in battles owing to the fear of getting a headache from the din.

Der Wegweiser, a German trade paper, to signalise the appearance of its 500th number, publishes several articles in English. We venture to extract the following remarks on the situation in America:

The Tension on the money market "urged our" central-note-institute to a rate of interest, being unknown before, and the trade had to carry a heavy burden at New Year, a burden being the more pressing down as probably the traces of the American money calamity will deeply enter into the whole economical life overthere which is narrowly connected with the German sale. Stopping of orders, restraints and close of numerous plants, as well coming back of European immigrants in frightening manner. All these marks shows that the economical shaking overthere cannot be considered to be slightly overcome.

The words "urged our," being placed in inverted commas, are evidently a colloquialism.

THE READING COMPETITION.

MOTHER is really cross about it, and has asked me to write to *Mr. Punch*. You see father is a sort of literary man, and he was just getting nicely over the Limerick craze when this new competition came out, and now he's worse than ever, and is always bothering us about it. It's like this. The paper father reads has offered all sorts of big prizes for answering the questions that it sets every day. You can always find the answer to these questions in the paper itself, and you must say whereabouts in the paper the answer is to be found. This morning the question was "What are Mr. BALFOUR's Christian names?" Of course everybody knows the answer, only you've got to find it in the paper, which they say trains you to read it properly.

Father seemed to think this question would be a very easy one, and he read all the political articles very carefully; but Mr. BALFOUR's name didn't come in, as it was a Monday, and the House of Commons doesn't talk on Saturdays. Then father read all the sporting news, in case Mr. BALFOUR had been winning any golf handicaps; but he hadn't been playing anywhere apparently, so father tried all the advertisements about indigestion and torpid livers, because he said that if Mr. BALFOUR gave up active work so suddenly he would probably have had to take some of the remedies, and might have sent them a testimonial.

Mother said it would save time if father began at the top of the front page, and read the whole paper right through; but father worked it out, and said it would take him 7 hours 9 minutes and 41 seconds to do that, even if he never looked up once, and pointed out to us the advantages of his logical training. He said that the fact that Mr. BALFOUR had not been making any speeches or playing golf was a definite clue, and as he didn't seem to have sent any testimonial for back-ache cures, father went on to the reports from the seaside and then to the police news.

After lunch mother suggested that he should finish his article on "Great Statesmen of the Day." Father only told her not to bother him, as he had thought of another possibility. He gave me the sheet with the City and financial news, and asked me just to glance through it in case the markets had been affected by the political situation, while he worked out his new theory. I couldn't find anything, and mother picked up my



"WHO'S THAT YOU'RE DRAWING, BOB?"
 "SHAN'T TELL YOU."
 "IT ISN'T MUCH LIKE HER."
 "WASN'T MEANT FOR HER!"

page to read the instructions for making a baby's pelisse, which were on the back of the same sheet.

Then father, who had been thinking very hard, suddenly shouted, "Eureka!" I jumped up at once, and asked him to show me where he had found it; but he hadn't really found it at all, only it had struck him that the explanation was that Mr. BALFOUR had been writing a new book, and his name would appear either among the reviews or in the publishers' announcements. Mother had got out her scissors and, not thinking what she was doing, I suppose, was making a paper-pattern for the baby's pelisse out of the sheet that the instructions were on.

Presently father said, "Oh, blow the thing," and crumpled up the rest of the paper, and came over to see what we were doing. He always will interfere, and want us to do our dress-

making on his own scientific lines, which don't work at all. "What are you making?" asked father, and when mother had explained he made her give him the instructions, which she did to save bother. Then he began to read them aloud—he says you get a clearer idea of them by doing this—and they began like this: "A dainty and attractive garment for a child of some six to twelve months old—" He stopped there to point out that our baby was thirteen months old, so that the dainty and attractive garment wouldn't fit. Mother explained that that didn't matter, so he went on, "some six to twelve (or thirteen) months old, is the ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR pelisse."

So will *Mr. Punch* please make a cartoon showing that this competition is really gambling, and saying that Mr. GLADSTONE ought to stop it?



The Colonel (sadly). "I CALLED TWICE FOR TRUMPS, PARTNER."
Fair Bridget (whom it has escaped). "DID YOU? I QUITE THOUGHT YOU WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO GIVE HINTS!"

AN EPISCOPAL PROGRESS.

Vienna, March 2nd.

THE Bishop of LONDON arrived at midday to-day. After playing a tennis match with the station-master he proceeded to his hotel, and at two o'clock he was driven to the Imperial Palace in a motor car. After an informal conversation his Lordship stripped for a game of Bowls with his Majesty the Emperor. The result was for a long time doubtful, but in the last game the Bishop's bias had its due effect, and the Emperor had to acknowledge defeat. After the massed bands had played "God Save the King" the Bishop addressed a few touching words to the Imperial circle.

Buda-Pesth, March 4th.

The Bishop of LONDON on his arrival to-day was welcomed at the station by a huge crowd wearing the national costume. After a cordial exchange of *Eljens* he drove to his hotel, and at two o'clock was ready for the International Foursome over the Royal Hungarian Links. The game was exciting, but the Bishop's magnificent short play saved the match for the Union Jack. His partner, the Third Secretary of the British Embassy, was bunkered at the last hole, but the Bishop extricated the ball and won the game. In the evening the Bishop attended a Mothers' Meeting of Hungarian magnates and spoke feelingly on "Kossuth: What he stood for."

Bucharest, March 6th.

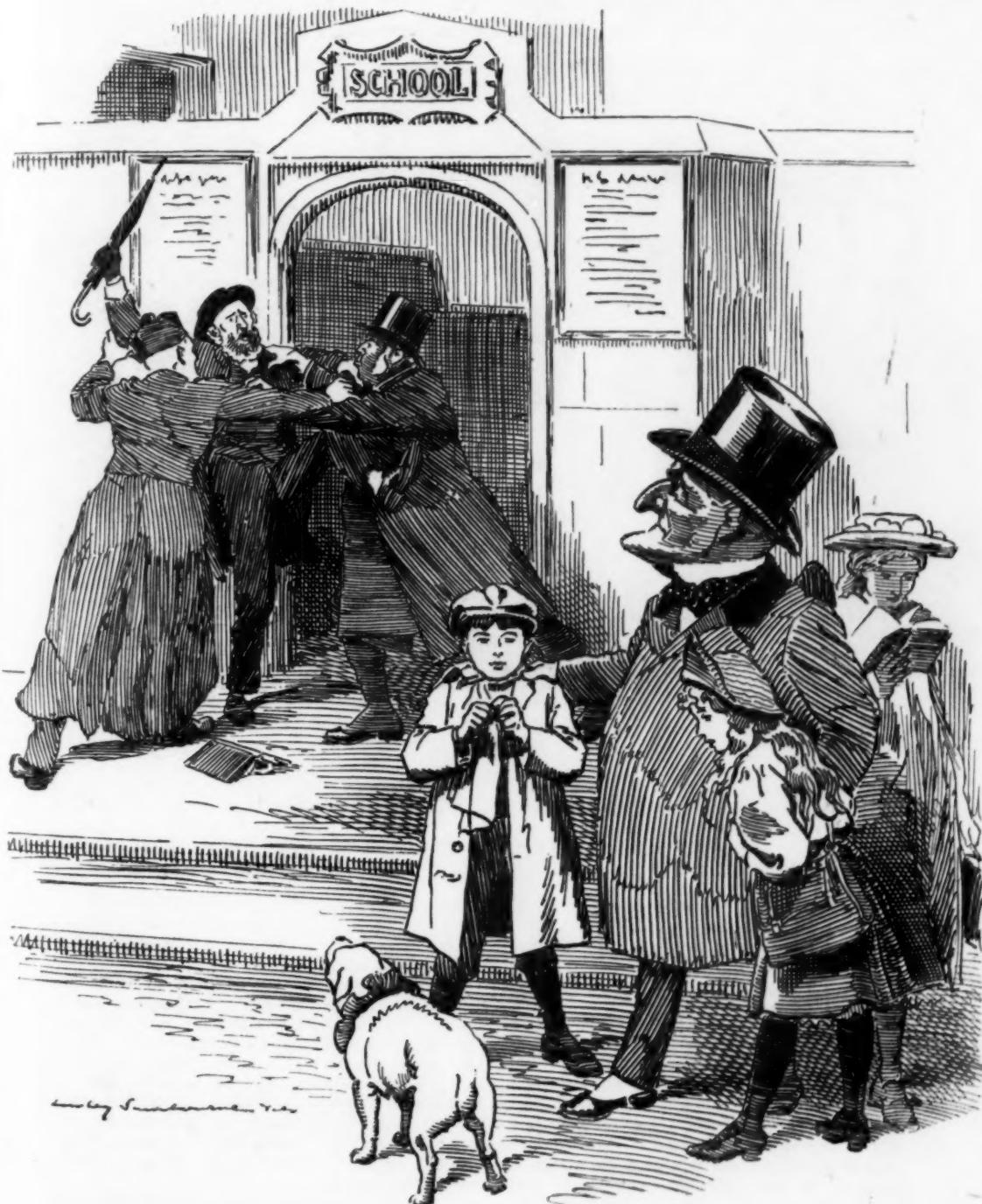
The Bishop of LONDON arrived here to-day and immediately began his Ballad match at catch-weights with Her Majesty the Queen. CARMEN SYLVA got a good start and kept ahead till the last ballad but one. Here, however, the Bishop's rhyming ability stood him in good stead, and amidst the enthusiastic cheers of the assembled Roumanian notabilities he gradually forged ahead, and eventually won the match. The Bishop's ballad has been printed at the National Press, and is to be set to music by the King's organist with a view to its being played by the Royal Guards at their morning parades.

Sofia, March 7th.

The Bishop of LONDON crossed the Danube in safety yesterday and arrived here at 6 a.m. to-day. He won a Cold Bath match against the Premier at eight o'clock, and at ten he drove to Slivnitz to meet PRINCE FERNAND on the Royal Bulgarian Quoits Pitch. Having defeated the Prince, the Bishop returned to his hotel and polished the Exarch off at draughts. The afternoon was devoted to light refreshments, and in the evening the Bishop gave illustrations of Shove-halfpenny before the Sobranje.

Constantinople, March 9th.

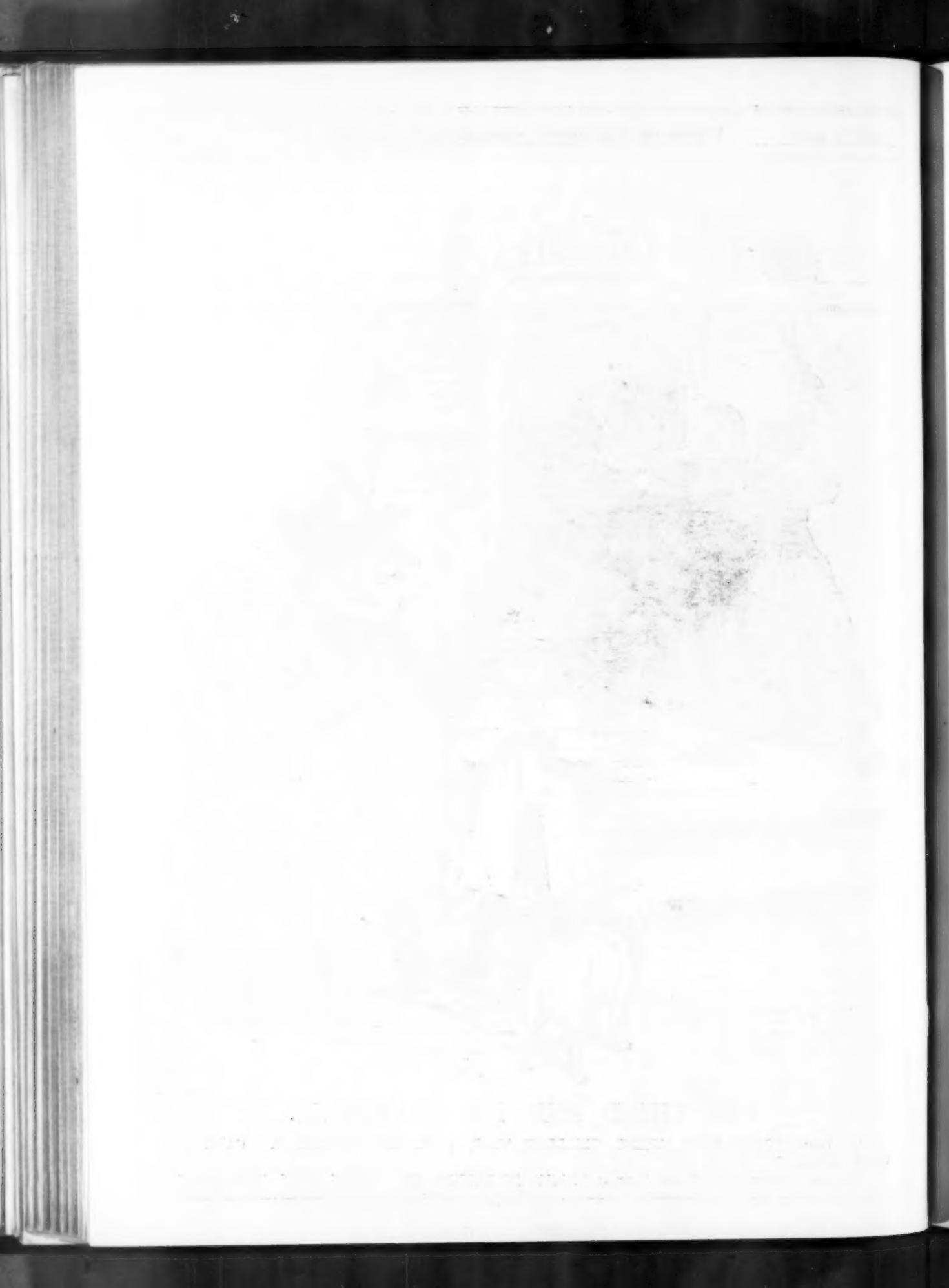
The Bishop of LONDON, having been defeated at Spoilfives by the SULTAN, has been appointed a Commander of the Osmanlie.



THE CHILD AND ITS CHAMPIONS.

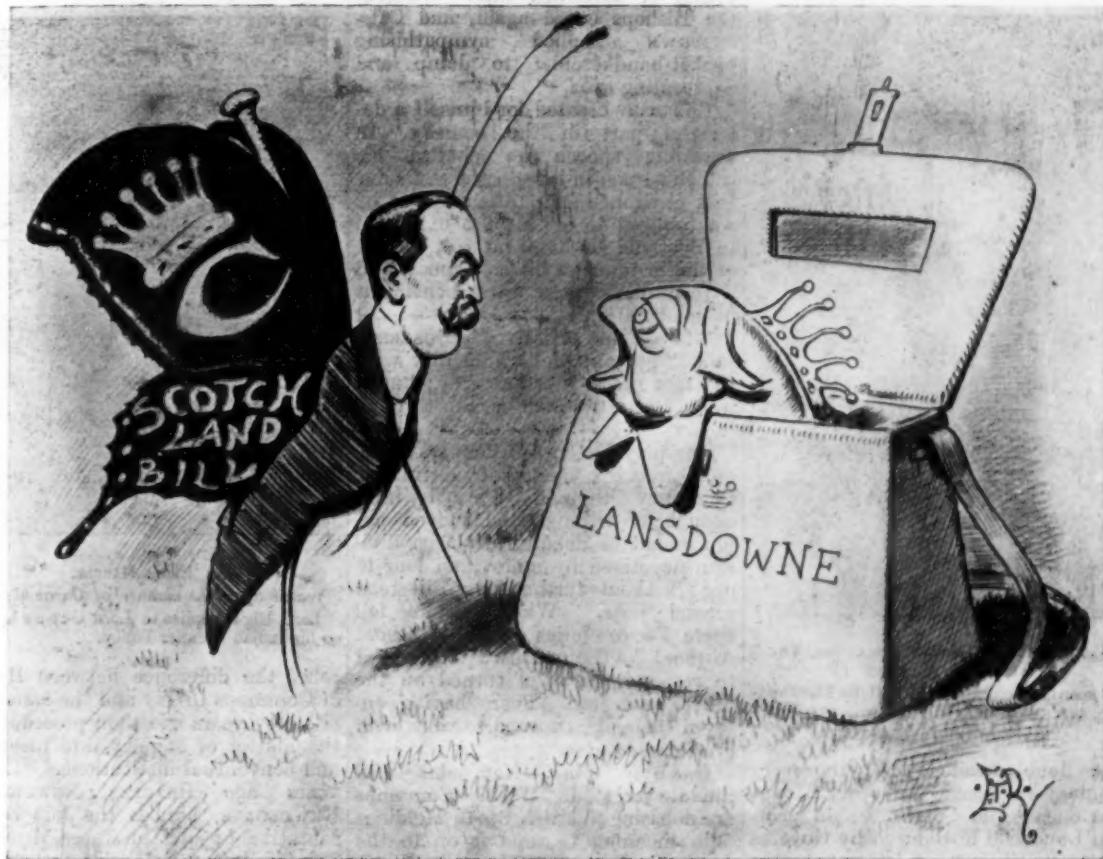
MR. PUNCH. "GENTLEMEN, THESE CHILDREN WANT A BETTER EDUCATION. CAN'T YOU HELP THEM?"

ANGLICAN, NONCONFORMIST, ROMAN CATHOLIC. "DON'T INTERRUPT US. WE'RE BUSY FIGHTING!"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOTY, M.P.



Lord R-e-b-ry. "H'm! It's not much good being a butterfly if you've got a pin stuck through you."

Lord Cr-ue. "On the other hand, my noble relative, don't you, on reflection, find your own position, at the moment, a somewhat dubious one?"

House of Commons, Monday, February 24.—It is the fashion to describe PRINCE ARTHUR as indefinite in his opinions on certain questions and bewildering in effort not to express them. This charge may not be brought against him in respect of Education Bill. As soon as MCKENNA completed his brief and masterly exposition of new scheme he was on his legs demolishing it. Absolutely revelled in opportunity of hitting straight out from the shoulder unembarrassed by considerations of Fiscal niceties.

A House crowded in every part looked on with animated interest. Here was the Government backed by big majority making second attempt to solve perennial difficulty of Education as affected by religious question. Beaten back the first time by the Lords, they return with signifi-

cant declaration that there is more in new Bill than meets the eye. Incidentally it deals with Education. Actually it involves question of existence of the House of Lords under its ancient conditions. What will the Lords do? Will they show desire to temporise, to make friends with the adversary whilst he is in the way, and so keep a roof above their heads; or will they, faced by a measure from their point of view worse than that of 1906, hew it in pieces?

PRINCE ARTHUR's animated speech an unmistakable reply. "Nothing," he declared, "can make this Bill a good Educational method. Education you sacrifice absolutely to the violence of religious prejudice and the desire to injure a Church to which you do not belong."

Battle-cry answered by cheers and counter-cheers. But there was plainly

lacking the turbulent note of pure partisanship frequently heard in analogous circumstances. Members recognised the seriousness of the new situation, and were subdued in contemplation of its possibilities. Truly in place of the proffered olive branch a sword was brandished. Without a moment's hesitation PRINCE ARTHUR drew his, and the momentous fight forthwith began.

Business done.—Education Bill brought in and read a first time.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—Pretty comedy going on to-night; not less lively because it was introduced, stage-managed, and partly spoken by CAMPERDOWN. Humour not the strong point of the noble lord. Like his famous country-dog Rab, he habitually takes serious views of life. But unconscious humour is occasionally the most effective. CAMPERDOWN

evidently quite serious in bringing in Scotch Small Holdings Bill, and inviting House to read it a second time.

The joke, like the Austrian eagle,



EARLY VICTORIAN MAGNIFICENCE; OR, THE OUTGOING TENANT.

Somewhat unkindly described by *The Daily Mail* as a "Revolting Liberal"!

(Sir Edw-rd T-nn-nt, Bart.,

was double-headed. At the very moment he spoke the other House was engaged in Committee on Scottish Land Bill introduced by Government, and thrown out last year by the Lords. CAMPERDOWN's Bill was practically the English Small Holdings Bill added to Statute Book last Session. Proposal was that it should be extended to Scotland in preference to measure now before the Commons, presently, with cup-filling intent, to come on to the Lords.

Structure of joke growing a little complicated. But the parts so artistically put together that it went off with a flash. A little by-play contributing to success was the spectacle of the shade of BOB REID, long known in House of Commons as most uncompromising Radical of the day, disguised in wig and gown, thronged on Woolsack, whilst LANSDOWNE and other Unionist Peers patted him on the back, the Bishops cooing approval. The Government measure, when it reaches the Lords, will be in his charge. CREWE described as act of courtesy to LORD CHANCELLOR the attempt to forestall his action and his Bill. Leader of Opposition, with tears in his voice, protested that

nothing was further from the thoughts of himself or his noble friend. They esteemed the occupant of the Woolsack too highly ever to dream of affronting him. Whereat the Bishops cooed again, and CAMPERDOWN applied sympathising pocket-handkerchief to damp and deprecating eyes.

ROSEBERRY created for himself a delightful part in the comedy. In sparkling speech he chaffed his esteemed son-in-law on the difficulty that environed him, inasmuch as he was obliged to oppose the extension to Scotland of a recent Act passed at the instance of his colleagues, and by common consent most beneficent in its operation.

"My noble relative," ROSEBERRY said, "got out of his difficulty with the airy grace of a butterfly; but it was a butterfly with a pin through it."

The play having run for two hours amid frequent bursts of merriment, COURTNEY thought there'd been enough of trifling, and moved adjournment of debate. This on division negatived by more than four to one; without further ado Bill read second time. When curtain fell there were cries of "Author! Author!" CAMPERDOWN too modest to respond, NEWTON turned on the Macedonian tap. Peers having enjoyed their play, turned to work with grim earnestness.

Business done.—New delightful muddle created. Whilst Commons are debating Scottish Small Holdings Bill, meaning to send it on to the Lords, the Lords chip in with Bill on

their own account, and read it a second time.

House of Commons, Friday Night.
—Nothing has brought into bolder



AN ELGIN MARBLE.

(Treated after the manner of *Caran d'Ache*.)
Lord Elg-n replies to Lord C-rz-n's speech on his Indian Frontier Policy.

relief the difference between House of Commons to-day and the assembly of thirty years ago than procedure in the matter of enquiry into monastic and conventional institutions. Thirty years ago CHARLES NEWDIGATE-NEWDEGATE, almost the last representative of unadulterated dignified Toryism known at Westminster, was in his prime. Every Session he brought in sometimes a Bill, sometimes a Resolution, designed to reveal what he in sepulchral voice hinted were the dark mysteries carried on behind the walls of conventional institutions. Whether Bill or Resolution, it was promptly hustled out of House by big majority. NEWDEGATE not the sort of man to be cast down by successful machinations on part of Man of Belial. Ever, through successive sessions, he came up, snuff-box in one hand, flaming red pocket-handkerchief in the other, made his moan, uttered his solemn warning.

Light-hearted Members, then as now abjectly anxious to be amused, thronged the benches on NEWDEGATE's night. When, after the General Election of 1880, the Parnellites initiated plan of remaining permanently quartered below Gangway on Opposition side, it came to pass that NEWDEGATE, who had established freehold in corner seat of fourth bench below Gangway, found



"They tell me at the office that my likeness to Asquith is positively startling!"

Mr. H-r-t-o B-ll-m-y.



"OF MANNER GENTLE."

Master (to unlucky sportsman, who, on making a short cut, has jumped into the middle of the pack at a check). "GOOD MORNING, SIR! DO YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE SEEN THE HOUNDS?"

himself when he rose surrounded by Irish Members foaming with rage (humorously simulated) at his attack upon their Church and their womenkind.

One of these occasions was made memorable by revelation to House of a new and original humourist in person of Major O'GORMAN. In the privacy of his London lodgings, the Major had elaborated a parable designed to illustrate the operation of the enquiry contemplated by NEWDEGATE. Puffing and snorting, his vast bosom heaving with emotion, he pictured "one of these Royal Commissioners" demanding admission at a convent. The door opened; a nun appeared; the Commissioner asked her to define her station.

"Sir, I will tell you," she would

reply, the Major assured the crowded House. "My sire was a king; my mother was the daughter of the sixth JAMES OF SCOTLAND and the first JAMES OF ENGLAND. His mother, sir, was Queen Regent of Scotland."

Further tracing the genealogical tree, whose branches were hopelessly interwoven, the Major continued, still impersonating the nun and lowering his stentorian voice to piping accents accordingly, "I have a brother." The brother having, like either the nun's father or mother (it was not clear which) been done to death, the Major piped on, "I have a sister. Her name is SOPHIA."

As for the remainder of speech, spoken amid boisterous laughter, this was the end of its moderate measure of intelligibility.

There are no more any NEWDEGATE nights nor any Irish Members like THE O'GORMAN. When Ulsterman CORBETT, desirous of stirring up with a long pole his Catholic countrymen, revived old memories by moving for leave to re-introduce NEWDEGATE's Bill he did not even make a speech. The motion submitted from Chair, the House straightway divided. Leave was refused by 151 votes to 101, and the House got to business.

Business done.—Female Suffrage debated.

"Mr. ZANGWILL is fond of long, silly, inexpressive words. He would always rather say 'seaginpedalian' than 'dull.'"—T.P.'s Weekly.

"Another seaginpedalian day, my dear," as Mr. ZANGWILL says when he comes down to breakfast.

"VOTES FOR MEN."

THE Bachelors' Freedom League, with which is associated The Bachelors' Social and Political Union, is now open to receive funds. At present there are but three members, who are distributed as follows:—

President and Field-Marshal . . . HENRY.
Auditor and Change Bearer . . . MYSELF.
Counsel for the Defence . . . WILLIAMS.

The circumstances which led to its formation were these. I had been reading my paper, and I had just come to the bit where AMELIA PICKERSGILL (35), of no occupation unless you count being married as one, pointed out to the magistrate that so long as the present poltroons were in office she was perfectly justified in resisting man-made laws, and would do it again, so there, when HENRY came in. "HENRY," I said, "I'm a suffragette. I mean a suffragette."

"Oh?" said HENRY, taking a cigarette.

"Yes. Oh, do come and be something with me. Just think of the fun the women have had; meeting in secret, and planning night attacks on the House. Ensign MATILDA to take one company and reconnoitre Smith Street. Lance-corporal SUSAN to remain at the base with the hand-bags. The right wing will advance *en échelon* towards Victoria Tower, and draw the enemy's attention, and a screen of taxicabs will be thrown out on the left. Then when the battle is over the General draws up her report: 'Regret to announce serious victory.'

Our casualties are one wounded and over sixty prisoners, but we have once again proved that we have right on our side—Signed: MARY JANE, General." Oh! it must be splendid."

"It must be rather great," conceded HENRY.

I rose up in my enthusiasm.

"HENRY," I said, "I shall have to make a speech."

"Gentlemen, I pray you silence for Mr. PANKHURST," said HENRY.

At this moment WILLIAMS came in. WILLIAMS is understood to be reading for the Bar, but I should say he hasn't read much yet.

"Gentlemen," I said—"oh, and WILLIAMS; I didn't see you come in; how are you?—let us form ourselves into a society, and do battle on behalf of the cause. What cause, I hear you ask. What does that matter, I reply. If we show that we are prepared to suffer for it, to go to prison for it, does that not show that our cause is right, whatever it is?"

"Hear, hear," said WILLIAMS. "What's it all about?"

"It really doesn't matter so long as we are prepared to go to prison for it. Can't you think of anything? It needn't be for ourselves; we may voice the grievances of our down-trodden brother. Only we want a cause that can be put neatly into a battle-cry."

"One moth, one fur-coat," suggested WILLIAMS.

WILLIAMS, when at school, was the founder and sole member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Hypotenuses. He still retains his love for animals.

"Excellent," said HENRY. "Let us go and resist the police with it."

"Wait," I cried. "I have just thought of something better than that. Ah! here is a Cause, my friends, for which we may suffer and be strong. Here is a—"

"Bedsocks for centipedes," hazarded WILLIAMS again.

I paused dramatically for a moment.

"Votes for Men," I said.

There was a short silence.

"I was under the impression," said WILLIAMS at last, "that men already had votes. There was a case the other day of a man voting in the country somewhere; I saw it in the paper."

"Willy," I said, "you will find as you grow older that in your profession it pays best to leave the really funny bits to the judge. Tell me, for whom did you vote at the last election?"

"Of course I didn't vote for anybody; but then I live with my people."

"As a matter of fact," I said, "if you give your father twenty pounds a year, and he gives you the key of the bathroom, I believe you do get a vote."

"I give my father twenty pounds? My dear man! Besides, the bathroom hasn't got a key; it bolts."

"I spoke in a metaphor, Willy. It may not be the bathroom. But I suppose you haven't got up to that yet. It comes in the next chapter."

"Anyhow," said WILLIAMS, "my father wouldn't do it. He's all against things of that kind, especially



Smart Man (meeting young brother in Bond Street). "Good Lord, SECUNDUS! If you MUST have your LUGGAGE about with you, TAKE A CAB, MAN, TAKE A CAB!"

"WILLIAMS, my lad," I said, "if you can't behave like a suffragette-man I must ask you to close the door behind you when you leave. What I say is this, and I say it again. Let us also be martyrs, and shout the battle cry of Freedom. Let us call attention to our grievances from the criminal's dock. Let us plan raids upon the House, take the Cabinet Minister in his lair, and shake the collecting box at the High Street station. Why should women have all the fun?"

"Quite so," said HENRY; "but what do we shout?"



Captain of Country Fire Brigade (called out to subdue an outbreak in some local hayricks, to over-zealous comrade). "NOT SO FAST, JARGE. LET 'UN BURN UP A BIT FIRST, SO AS 'OW WE CAN SEE WHAT WE'RE A-DOIN' OF!"

as my politics are different from his."

"Good. Well then, there you are. You want the vote. So do HENRY and I. Votes for bachelors.

"But I thought," said WILLIAMS, "that bachelors belonged to the noble army of latch-key voters."

"HENRY," I said wearily, "our WILLY has a thick head, and I am afraid we shall only be able to give him a minor post on the staff. Just explain to him."

HENRY filled and lit his pipe.

"You see," he said, "there is a small regulation about the length of residence. I fancy you get registered in June, if you have been in the same rooms for a year, or something like that. Now it's about September that you begin to get sick of your old rooms, and you swear you won't stand another winter in them. Of course summer doesn't matter so much; you're out a good deal. And so you get to your new place in October, which means that in twenty months you are going

to have a vote. . . . Well, you can't stick it all that time, you know. The man above plays the flute, or the breakfast is beastly, or there are too many barrel-organs or something. . . . I've wandered round for some time now, but I've never had a vote. I thought when I took this place for three years that perhaps now I should; but there's only a year left, and there won't be a General Election in that time. . . . Quite half the bachelors in London have never voted, you know."

"There!" I said. "Now do you see? Votes for Men!"

"Right you are," said WILLIAMS. "Let's start at once, captain." He looked at his watch. "Hallo, it's late."

"Men," I cried, "follow me."

And I waved my hat, and led the way to the Vegetarian Restaurant.

So the Bachelors' Freedom League is formed, and all single men are invited to join. We have a bazaar, right on our side, a good example

in the women, and no end of sport in front of us. All we really want now is funds. We have had some discussion as to who should look after these things. HENRY says that the Field-Marshal always takes the loot; but I think that money matters must be considered the business of the change bowler.

A. A. M.

Sir Conan Doyle on Big Bores.

"There was not so much of that now since young Ainslie with his neat little 3-3 sporting rifle had devoted his days to abating the nuisance."—*The Strand Magazine*.

"There is a reformed burglar in London who is said to have the brain of a Cabinet Minister."—*Yorkshire Evening Post*.

Whose? And what steps has the Minister taken to get it back?

"Mr. McKenna is a clean-shaven man, with a habit of throwing his back between his shoulders."—*Daily Mail*.

Yes, but where does he keep his back when it's not being thrown about?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THAT London is a romantic place many people have insisted. STEVENSON was the first; the latest is Mr. MARRIOTT WATSON in his tales of two people, entitled *A Poppy Show* (METHUEN). I must suppose that I am unlucky, for I have never had an adventure in London. The nearest I came to it was when an elderly seafaring man accosted me in Northumberland Avenue one dark and windy night, and asked the way to Portsmouth. I showed him roughly the direction, and bade him God-speed. There my connection with the matter ended; but I am certain that Romance was afoot that night—a lugger beating off-shore (or whatever it is they do), and waiting for the tardy signal Even the common countryman has more adventures than I; he at least is relieved of his purse and told an exciting story of a gold brick. Perhaps I should not do justice to any encounter that came my way. When Mr. MARRIOTT WATSON is shown into a strange house in mistake for Sir Thomas Heron he carries it off with a delightful coolness; in his place my confusion would lead me to take the best umbrella, and bolt. Mr. WATSON would not be surprised at my disappearance, for it is plainly his opinion that your man of forty is the only person to see these affairs through properly. As it is another of his opinions that the girl of eighteen is everything that is unpleasant, you will understand why it is impossible to recommend *A Poppy Show* to everybody. But the really grown-ups will enjoy it immensely.

I'm naturally strong and brave,
But I confess my fibres shook
Beneath the shock the covers gave
Of COULSON KERNAHAN his book—
A dragon, red and grim, defied
St. Paul's Cathedral's blackened dome;
"We have the limit here!" I cried;
But worse remained within the tome.
A Yankee scheme to starve us out;
A Teuto-Chinese secret pact;
A shell which fumed foul death about
Yet left the ship it struck intact!
Certain result: a breadless horde
Asphyxiated to its knees,
The KAISER as colonial lord,
And also master of the seas!
Thus *The Red Peril* (sold by HURST
And BLACKETT) wove the lurid plot,
And I read on to learn the worst,
Hoping some hand would cut the knot.
It did. Our foemen met their match,
And got done badly in the eye,
Though who it was came up to scratch
It's not for me to specify.



THE CULT OF THE TOY DOG.

Chorus of Admiring Ladies. "OH, DO LET ME SEE THE DARLING!"

to avoid having to operate on his stepson, Mr. Sheldrake (even his name is not exactly festive) expires in a lifeboat rescue and becomes the idol of the hour. There is a great deal of very good writing in this book: the East Coast landscapes, the colloquies of the townsfolk, the philosophy of Mr. Tishner the miller, and the portrait of Tom Kyffin the fisherman, are all quite excellent. But there are also some serious lapses into the slipshod, and I am not at all certain whether the plot can really be justified, the sorrows of a hangman being almost as far outside ordinary human experience as those of an abortion like *Richard Calmady*. Anyhow I don't think I shall go to Eastwold for a holiday.

"WIMBLEDON PARK."—You want to know when you are likely to be allowed to take a through ticket on to the Piccadilly Tube from that part of the L. & S.W.R. line over which the District Railway has running powers. Recalling the long years of waiting before the public was permitted to take through tickets from the L. & S.W.R. on to the Metropolitan, we cannot hold out to you any hope that the elementary convenience which you desire will be granted during the lifetime of the present generation.

Pavement hawkers in Charing Cross Road are tempting the harassed motor-dodger with a cheerful toy in the shape of a black cardboard coffin, with a collapsible skeleton inside. And I can think of nothing that gives so good an idea of Mr. BENJAMIN SWIFT's last book. It is called *The Death Man*; MESSRS. CHAPMAN AND HALL have put it between black covers: there are two hearty murders, and an innocent man is hanged; the hero is the executioner and is rather unpopular because the victim comes from his own village of Eastwold; finally,